

A Canvass of One Day's Sales by 100 Newsboys Shows That

THE EVENING WORLD

Has More Than DOUBLE the Circulation of Any Other Afternoon Paper.

Number of EVENING WORLDS Sold.....	5,782
Number of Nearest Competitor Sold.....	2,711
Newsboys' Profit on EVENING WORLDS.....	\$28.91
Newsboys' Profit on Nearest Competitor.....	\$13.51

The EVENING WORLD

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1899.

Encouragement for the Discomforted.

Number of Situation and Help Wanted Advertisements Printed in The World

During the Last 4 Weeks **21,227**

Same Period of 1897 **17,955**

World "Wants" Give Heart to Willing Hands.

PRICE ONE CENT.

PRICE ONE CENT.

STILL A MYSTERY.

No Clue to the Disappearance of Ben Hatten.

Testimony That Will Go Hard With Sally.

A Number of the Excursionists to Be Subpened Monday.

The detectives have not succeeded in unearthing another clue to the disappearance of young Ben Hatten from the barge Summer on Saturday night, and stolid William Sally, who is charged with hurling the striping into the East River in a drunken mad fit, maintains his silence at the Tombs.

But these salient points suggest themselves to the mind:

Ben Hatten has not been seen since the cry of "man overboard" was raised on the barge and on the steamer Blackbird.

He stood a few feet from Sally, near the bar, five minutes prior to the alarm, according to Sally himself.

Young people, employees of the American Bank-Note Company, and members of the Mutual Association, were saying to each other almost immediately after the alarm: "Ben Hatten is overboard."

And, simultaneously, young Beades and old man Kalsch were pointing out William Sally to Officers Plant and Toney, and saying excitedly that he had just thrown a slim young man in a light suit of clothes over the side of the barge between it and the steamer.

Sally sat on the outer rail of the barge, opposite the supposed scene of the scuffle, talking to a young woman. Everybody else had rushed and was rushing to the inner rail to see who was in the water.

This was at the forward end of the boat and most of the crowd were still at the stern, whither they had been attracted by a similar cry when the lifeboat, with T. J. Sullivan in it, was launched in the wake of the steamer.

Beades and Kalsch did not know Hatten; they did not know Sally. But somebody who did know Hatten evidently did see him go overboard.

That person evidently started the story that the lad was overboard, but since the fact of Sally's having kept silence and his identity a mystery.

Why is he silent?

Had Hatten tumbled overboard accidentally, would not this mysterious witness have come forward and said so?

The officers, who are exerting every nerve to discover the truth, say that THE EVENING WORLD reporters have given them infinitely more assistance and information than they have been able to obtain at the American Bank-Note Company, and they will now resort to the subpoena process, calling before Justice Hogan next Monday all the pickers whose names they can obtain.

Meantime, William Sally sits quietly in a Tombs cell. Sally is twenty-six years old, big, broad shouldered, and muscular. He has been in the employ of the Bank-Note Company and his branches since boyhood, and his associates give him a character of good nature and of a man who, though above the square corner of a massive jaw, Sally's eyes are small and deep set, and his fore-head retreats slightly, while his cheek bones are prominent and high.

In the language of a police officer: "If the body of Ben Hatten is found it will look dark for Sally, with two disinterested parties, strange to each other, and strangers to both Hatten and the prisoner, identifying him as the man who pitched the boy overboard, let alone the identification by the candy peddler, the little eight-year-old daughter, Sadie Kalsch.

Officer Toney says he recognizes the portrait of Hatten in THE EVENING WORLD as the picture of a young man who, on the excursion with two young girls, probably Annie Brown and Lulu Bannan. The officer says the youth was not intoxicated.

BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING.

National League.

Team	W.	L.	P.	Team	W.	L.	P.
Boston	33	13	.714	Pittsburgh	19	38	.333
Cleveland	32	18	.640	St. Louis	18	39	.312
Philadelphia	26	21	.556	Washington	11	35	.238

American Association.

Team	W.	L.	P.	Team	W.	L.	P.
St. Louis	23	17	.574	Cincinnati	20	26	.435
Indianapolis	18	24	.429	St. Paul	18	26	.409
Baltimore	13	33	.287	Columbus	13	33	.287
Dayton	12	34	.261	Evansville	9	40	.182

Atlantic Association.

Team	W.	L.	P.	Team	W.	L.	P.
Jersey City	23	15	.605	Newark	18	20	.476
Worcester	23	15	.605	Lowell	18	20	.476
Hartford	23	15	.605	Providence	18	20	.476

A Year Ago To-Day.

League	Team	W.	L.	P.	Team	W.	L.	P.
National League	Chicago	33	13	.714	Brooklyn	21	15	.583
	Detroit	31	17	.646	St. Louis	18	39	.312
	Pittsburgh	19	38	.333	Philadelphia	26	21	.556
	Cleveland	32	18	.640	Washington	11	35	.238
American Association	St. Louis	23	17	.574	Cincinnati	20	26	.435
	Indianapolis	18	24	.429	St. Paul	18	26	.409
	Baltimore	13	33	.287	Columbus	13	33	.287
	Dayton	12	34	.261	Evansville	9	40	.182
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	Worcester	23	15	.605	Lowell	18	20	.476
	Hartford	23	15	.605	Providence	18	20	.476
	Providence	18	20	.476	Lowell	18	20	.476

Baseball To-Day.

THE LEAGUE.
New York at Chicago.
Boston at Indianapolis.
Philadelphia at Cleveland.
Washington at Baltimore.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Columbus at Brooklyn.
Baltimore at Philadelphia.
Cincinnati at St. Louis.
Louisville at Kansas City.

ATLANTIC ASSOCIATION.

Jersey City at New Haven.
Newark at Hartford.
Worcester at Lowell.

Mrs. Clark Wants Her Husband.

Mrs. Lizzie Clark recently landed in this country from England accompanied by her husband, and they took rooms at 164 Adams street, Brooklyn. Her husband, Charles E. Clark, a pastry cook by trade, was unable to find work and their money was soon exhausted. A week ago the husband became very despondent and left the home, since which time he has not been seen. He wore a check suit, blue striped shirt and lace boots. His wife is destitute and greatly worried over his absence. She is temporarily staying at Howard's Station, Orange County, N. Y., where she has information of her husband, sent in care of Mrs. Evans, will be thankfully received.

HAPPIEST OF GRADUATES.

UNIQUE EXERCISES AT THE NORMAL COLLEGE TRAINING SCHOOL.

Commencement Day Fifty Celebrated by the Hundreds of Bright Girls—Readings of the Language of Emotion Which Professional Actors Might Envy—They Banqueted on Poetry.

Pretty rosebuds of girls could be seen walking to the Normal College this morning dressed in white and holding a bouquet in one hand and an umbrella in the other. The rain that fell now and then couldn't dampen their enthusiasm, and their faces were so bright that one didn't miss the sunshine.

It was Commencement Day in the great training apartment of the Normal College, and the 1,400 children who go there not only for the purpose of educating themselves but of educating the amateur teachers were out in holiday attire.

Fifty-three girls about fourteen or fifteen years old were to be given diplomas which will entitle them to enter the Normal College next fall and become school-teachers themselves some day.

The large hall of the training school was handsomely decorated and had a festive appearance, but the hundreds of bright-eyed and sunny-faced children adorned it even more than the flowers did.

The exercises were given by Dr. W. H. Seligman, J. Edward Shummers, Rev. Edward Guilbert, R. M. Gallaway, Miss Grace H. Dodge and Randolph Guggenheimer. Mr. Seligman presided.

The exercises began at 10 o'clock, when the entire school chanted the Lord's prayer in a great and harmonious chorus.

The next exercise might lead the spectator to think that he had come into Denison's School of Acting and that the fifty-three pretty graduates were all preparing to earn distinction on the stage.

The exercises began with the speaker of the day, who read the program as "The Language of Emotion," and it was the expression of human feelings, such as hope, fear, surprise, grief, joy, etc., by look and gesture.

The graduates expressed their emotions in this inaudible language in a way which would have delighted an actor.

Next came the banquet. It was a purely intellectual feast, composed of dishes prepared by the great poets.

The menu was arranged by Josephine E. Hodgson. First on the menu was the rustic table decorations—rosmary and pansies, water lily, magnolias, daffodils, etc.

One of the graduates repeated a quotation from Shakespeare about rosmary and pansies, another quoted Mrs. Hemans on the water lily, a third repeated something Henry Ward Beecher said about the magnolias, a fourth quoted lines from Wordsworth about daffodils, others repeated what Rossetti, Watts, Willis and Krumpholtz have said about roses, and then all the school sang.

Some brought a quotation from Esop's Fables on the tortoise; fish, a quotation from Longfellow on the sturgeon; game, a quotation from Emerson on the squirrel; joints and poultry, quotations from Scott, Longfellow and Gay on the turkey; vegetables, Shakespeare on potatoes, Whittier on corn, Swift on onions and Longfellow on turkeys; and water, a quotation from Wordsworth.

So it went. The whole formed a poem or a banquet woven from many poems by many poets.

At intervals in this banquet of the mind the students sang "The Skylark," "At My Window," "Voices of the Wood," and "The Old Oak Tree."

Such as I wish it to be.

Addresses were delivered by Trustee De Witt T. Hutton, President of the Normal College, and Dr. Thomas Hunter, President of the Normal College.

ARTIST HITCHCOCK'S ELOPEMENT.

Miss O'Halloran's Father Hears the News in St. Paul—His Heavens.

Relatives in this city of George Hitchcock, the artist and magazine writer, the news of whose elopement from Paris with Miss Agnes O'Halloran, his pupil, was given in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, are still awaiting details of the unfortunate affair.

Of the fact of the elopement they entertain no doubt, as an intimate friend of the artist living in this city has received a cablegram confirming it.

His father has become known, however, about Miss O'Halloran, Hitchcock's companion in his flight. She is the daughter of Dennis O'Halloran, an English actor, who is now in this city. Mr. O'Halloran has been communicated with, and it is reported that he is protesting by the news of his daughter's flight.

He affects, however, to discredit the story, and says he has just received a letter from Agnes O'Halloran, stating that she is in St. Paul, and that she is now in the hands of the police.

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HERE'S A QUEER CASE.

How Did Mrs. Kitty Emmons Get That Wound in Her Head?

The Police Report Attempted Suicide, but Others Say Accident.

She May Have Fallen Off a Washtub and Not Been Shot at All.

Mrs. Kitty Emmons, lay in a cot in Bellevue Hospital, this morning, where she had been taken after being arrested last night on a charge of attempting suicide, by shooting herself in the temple.

The circumstances surrounding the case are very peculiar, and the whole affair is surrounded by an air of mystery.

The main facts, as gathered by the police of the Thirty-fifth street station, are clearly set forth in the following statement sent to Supt. Murray this morning by Capt. Ryan:

William Murray, Supt.:

At 10.35 p. m., June 25, 1899, Roundman Thomas Cassidy, by my command, arrested Kitty Emmons, thirty-eight years old, married, of 204 East Thirty-second street, on the charge of attempted suicide, in the room of Dr. Sylvester, of 206 East Thirty-second street, who came to this station and stated that at 6.30 p. m. he was called by Ella Hammond, of 304 East Thirty-second street, to attend Mrs. Emmons, who was suffering from a severe wound on the right eye, which she received from shooting herself. The doctor was unable to find any bullet, or to say how seriously she was injured. She was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Respectfully, THOMAS RYAN, Captain Twenty-first Precinct, June 26, 1899.

From an investigation by an EVENING WORLD reporter it would appear that Mrs. Emmons received her injuries accidentally, although the people living in the house tell stories that are somewhat contradictory.

To the police last night the injured woman said that she had shot herself, and subsequently she said that she had been shot through the window.

An EVENING WORLD reporter visited the house this morning. Mrs. Emmons, her husband, when seen, said that he was not at home when his wife met with the accident, but understood that she had fallen over and struck her right temple on the corner of the stove.

Mrs. Hammond, who lives on the floor below, denied that Mrs. Emmons shot herself, but says that she received her injuries accidentally.

"About 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon," said Mrs. Hammond, "I heard a noise upstairs that sounded like the fall of a chair. I went upstairs and found her bleeding. It didn't amount to much until early in the evening, when she began to howl from the wound, and I called Dr. Sylvester in to attend her."

It is nonsense to say that she attempted suicide, no pistol was found in the house, and no bullet has been discovered," concluded Mrs. Hammond.

Mrs. Emmons was found in Bellevue Hospital, with her head tied up in bandages. She is a large woman, with a florid complexion, and about thirty years of age.

When questioned about how she received her wound, she said: "I was washing the dishes yesterday, and was putting them away in the closet when I fell."

"I was too high for me to reach, and I had to stand on the corner of the kitchen wash-tubs."

"In getting down I slipped and fell, and in my descent I struck my head on the corner of the tubs and received a gash over the eye."

"Why did you say last night that you had tried to kill yourself by shooting?" asked the reporter.

"Well, you know I'm a Yankee and like to joke, and what I said was only in fun and not meant seriously," she answered.

Her husband, who is a machinist, visited her this morning. He said that he believed as to how his wife had got hurt.

"She has been suffering from spine trouble for some time, said he, and has been in the habit of using morphine. I think that she must have been under the influence of the drug when she fell," he concluded.

The physicians who have charge of the woman think that she will be able to go to court this afternoon or to-morrow.

"I didn't think the woman was shot," said one of them this morning, "and am quite certain that she didn't shoot herself."

The attending physician was mistaken in thinking she had been shot, but his mistake was quite natural, as the wound looked like a bullet wound and had been made by a bullet at a short distance.

"We were unable to find any bullet, however, and there were no burns or powder marks on the wound, such as she would have if she had shot herself."

Capt. Ryan has completed his investigation and he now inclines to the opinion that Mrs. Emmons's injuries were received from a fall. As soon as she is able to leave the hospital, however, she will be arraigned in court.

CROSBY GOES TO EGYPT.

The Young Assemblyman Nominated for the International Court at Alexandria.

High license, if heard of at all at the next session of the Legislature, will have a new champion.

The gonfalon of Assemblyman Ernest H. Crosby, son of Dr. Howard Crosby, its former knight-errant, will be floating over Egypt's burning sands.

SENT TO PRISON.

Inhuman Mrs. Dubois Sentenced by Judge Martino To-Day.

One Year's Imprisonment and a Fine of \$500.

Ending of One of the Most Horrible Cruelty Cases on Record.

"Annie Dubois to the bar," called Judge Martino a few minutes after taking his seat in Part III. of the Court of General Sessions this morning.

"Annie Dubois to the bar," echoed Clerk Davenport.

"Bring out Annie Dubois!" ordered a gray-haired old turnkey, and from the prisoner's pen in a corner of the room there stepped a good-looking, well-dressed young woman, who walked calmly to the bar and bowed to Judge Martino with most exquisite grace.

She had pleaded guilty to a charge of assault in the third degree rather than stand trial on an indictment of assault in the second degree.

She was accused of cruelly branding her alleged seven-year-old stepdaughter with a curling-iron four weeks ago and came up to-day for sentence.

Judge Martino was severe when inflicting sentence.

"Annie Dubois," he said, "your crime is one of the most fiendish I have ever heard of."

"A more fiendish, brutal and inhuman case never came before me. Your temper must be something terrible. That poor, weak child you branded and branded with a red-hot iron. I have not seen the child, but I have seen her picture, and the marks of the burns inflicted by you on her tender little body."

"He's alive," said Dr. McCabe. "But the whole of his body is paralyzed below the neck. We have hopes of preserving his life."

"Is he suffering much pain?"

"No. He complains a little of the pain in his neck, but his body is perfectly insensible."

The neck was broken at the fifth cervical vertebra.

"He was conscious when he was brought here yesterday, and has been conscious ever since. He was dazed when he first broke his neck."

"The respiratory nerves and the sensory nerves of the upper region are still active. The pain is not severe, and it is quite possible that he may survive some time."

"I treated the fracture by extension, and shall put the neck in a plaster cast. Extensive lacerations of the muscles into their proper position by stretching."

"Isn't this a very phenomenal case?" asked the reporter.

"It is certainly unusual for people to live after 'breaking their necks,'" said Dr. McCabe. "We had a case here some years ago, when a man broke his neck and lived three days after it."

"If the pressure on the nerves can be removed, which is on them now from the broken bone, some of the functions may be resumed. He can take nourishment, and, of course, it could be administered as an injection."

"What the outcome of the case will be it is impossible to predict."

"This is in town a young man who claims to be the proud possessor of a broken neck. He wears an iron fixture, which is supposed to keep his head from falling off."

"There is no doubt, however, that young Macoe really has a broken neck, and if his life can be preserved it will be most extraordinary instance of survival after such an accident."

The lesson is that boys who swim in shallow water should not make a seven-foot dive in a four-foot depth.

Many swimmers can dive successfully in a pretty shallow allowance of water, but if the body descends too perpendicular, there is always danger, and it would be well for swimmers to take example from Patrick Macoe's broken neck.

THE DISBANDMENT OF CAMP 20.

It Is Both a Loss and a Gain to Pursuers of Criminals.

CHICAGO, June 26.—The disbandment of Camp 20, Clan-na-Gael, which has just become known at the State's Attorney's office, is double in effect.

While it will deprive the authorities, probably, of the aid and information which they expected to get from the records of the Camp, it also affords greater insight as to the extent and character of the great conspiracy, and gives a more definite basis upon which the officers may work.

The loss, however, of the records was not so great as the gain, though the latter is a matter of some importance.

HIS NECK BROKEN.

But Young Macoe's Still Lives, to the Wonder of All.

Phenomenal Case for the Doctors at St. Vincent's Hospital.

The Lad's Fifth Cervical Vertebra Snapped in a Dive Into Shallow Water.

One of the most startling cases which have called for surgical aid is occupying the attention of the surgical staff at Saint Vincent's Hospital, and it seems likely to vindicate a conspicuous place for itself in pathological literature.

Patrick Macoe, of 446 West Twenty-ninth street, is a boy sixteen years old given to swimming, and he was indulging in this pastime at high noon yesterday at the foot of Horatio street.

The water was not more than four feet in depth. Patrick took a "header" into it and thumped his head against the bottom in such a vigorous way that he almost broke it off.

He rose, looking considerably the worse for wear, and feebly called for help. His companions fished him out, and finding that he could not support himself, but lay in a very flabby condition, they summoned an ambulance and had Patrick carried off to St. Vincent's Hospital, where Dr. McCabe discovered that his neck was broken.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at the hospital this morning and asked for Dr. McCabe. That young man appeared.

"How is the boy with the broken neck?" asked the reporter.

"He's alive," said Dr. McCabe. "But the whole of his body is paralyzed below the neck. We have hopes of preserving his life."

"Is he suffering much pain?"

"No. He complains a little of the pain in his neck, but his body is perfectly insensible."

The neck was broken at the fifth cervical vertebra.

"He was conscious when he was brought here yesterday, and has been conscious ever since. He was dazed when he first broke his neck."

"The respiratory nerves and the sensory nerves of the upper region are still active. The pain is not severe, and it is quite possible that he may survive some time."

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